

In Memory of Leonard

By Frankie Wilson Westbrook

Leonard and I met at the University of Oklahoma in 1952. We both were humanities students—literature, history, and philosophy. We had a great philosophy teacher who believed there were only four philosophers worth attending to—Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and Haggie. We would have coffee (or maybe a coke) at the student union and try to figure out what it all meant. Leonard may have got it, but I'm almost 90 years old and am still wondering.

A few months after we met Leonard invited me to a costume party at his fraternity house. I managed to imagine that I really looked like Alice in Wonderland, and Leonard wore a great long cape. I was never sure whether he was Count Dracula or the Count of Monty Cristo. Either way, we had fun—danced a lot, declined drinks, and enjoyed ourselves. (In those days Oklahoma was a dry state, although there always seemed to be something around if you really wanted it.)

He was one of the best friends I've ever had. I remember one evening when every thing had gone wrong for me; he came over to my apartment and let me cry on his shoulder. They don't make many like him any more. And I'm going to miss him.

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